



HERCROWNING GLORY

Woman's Hair Has Ever Been a Subject of Great Interest.

STYLES USED TO RUN TO EXTREMES

Extravagant Customs in Vogue in the Eighteenth Century.

WHEN WIGS WERE PROPER

Written for The Evening Star.

The tendency of hair and hats, like the times, is toward expansion. The pompadour of today would make that of its fair originator look like 20 cents. Madame Pompadour was a beautiful woman, of exquisite taste, which never ran wild. Her low, broad forehead was most attractive with the hair turned back from it in soft waves, but you can find no "rats" or "mice" to pad it out. It seems a pity that so pretty a style should be so caricatured. In the shops one finds masses of "something" thick as one's arm, which is to extend around the head to be covered over with hair, and the



The very simplicity of this pretty pink frock recommends it for the wardrobe of a little girl. A chemise and sleeves of white muslin, white buttoned bodice and belt, and tiny pearl buttons down the front, make it a charming study in blue and white.

Hair is crimped with tongs into wool for fuzziness, and standing out till a maiden in her society war paint looks like a Basuto warrior, as to head.

Over a hundred years ago a bit of dog-eared, printed paper in the London Magazine, which runs after this fashion:

"Give Chloe a bushel of horsehair and wool, of paste and pomatum a pound; Ten yards of gay ribbon to deck her sweet skull.

And gauze to encompass it round."

It sounds as though it might have been written yesterday, except that "paste and pomatum" are happily no longer used.

A few months ago the hair was close cropped and pulled over the ears a la Merope. Now it flies to the other extreme, but it would seem that extremes are confined to no single century, for this happened about the middle of the last century also. A writer in the London Magazine in 1797 says:

"I think singular and extreme taste was never more flagrantly exemplified than at present by my fair countrywomen in the enormous size of their heads. It is not very long since this part of their sweet bodies used to be bound so tight and trimmed so amazingly snug that they appeared like a pin's head on the top of a knitting needle, but they have now so far exceeded the golden mean in the contrary extreme that our fine ladies remind me of an apple stuck on the point of a small skewer."

A hairdresser's duel.

The women of the present day have improved upon the women of the past in one item, at any rate, and that is in keeping

the hair clean. Soft, shining locks are the thing, and now they are tortured to "skewering" them up. One is inclined to believe that the women of the middle ages knew very little about soap and water, and their medicinal properties. Here is a story which is copied from "Court Miscellany" of 1708 and chronicles a dispute between two fashionable friars—a Frenchman, M. St. Laurent, and an Italian, Signor Fiorentini. They were rivals in business, and the Italian advertised as follows: "Signor Fiorentini having taken into consideration the many inconveniences which attend the method of hairdressing formerly used by himself, and still practiced by M. St. Laurent, humbly proposes to the ladies of quality in this metropolis his new method of steeping the hair in the most fashionable taste, to last with very little repair during the whole season of parliament; price, 5 guineas. N. B.—He takes but one hour to build the head and two for baking it."

Of course, the Frenchman, M. St. Laurent, resented the fling and came back with a note of defiance. Then Fiorentini replied by pointing out with great plainness of language the inconveniences attending the method of M. St. Laurent. Among other things, he says: "I beg leave to observe that three rows of iron pins thrust into the skull will not fail to cause a constant itching, a sensation that much disturbs the features, the face and disables it that a lady by degrees may lose the use of her face; besides, the immense quantity of pomatum and powder laid on for a gilded dressing, will, after a week or two, breed mites, a circumstance very disagreeable to gentlemen who do not love chafes, and also does afford a foetid smell not to be endured."

Then M. St. Laurent broke loose: "Dere is no objection to Signor Fiorentini's way of fringing de hair of fine ladies? Now I shall tell him von, two, tree. In the first place, he no consider dat his stucco will be

has several little curls added to soften it. This was worn in 1800, but was not as pretty as now.

Expansive Pompadours.

The craze of the hour, however, is the pompadour, which expands daily. A debutante of this season was complaining the other night that her hair was horribly matted by the top of her coupe, when going to a reception. She was but plagiarizing another debutante of a century ago, who said in her memoirs: "I arrived at my lady's house for the evening party with a racking pain in my shoulders caused by my being compelled to sit with my chin resting upon my knees, my head being too high for the roof of my coach."

The headress was not pretty, either. Not a bit prettier than the present enormous, untidy web of tousled hair, into which all women, regardless of taste or fitness, scramble their refractory locks. In that far-away day, when the church and parliament both thundered against the iniquities of the prevailing modes of dressing the hair, and laws against the towering absurdities finally topped them over, a woman's head might have been counted one of the wonders of the world. The chroniclers of the day relate that a yard high headress was modest indeed. It was padded with wool, lined with false hair, stung with ropes of jewels, furrowed with ribbons, wreathed with garlands, and apexed with plumes like a single horse chaise with a beard to carry it round. Butterflies, caterpillars, huge ropes of gauze sparkling with tinsel, spun glass were all used lavishly, till my lady's headress was taller than my lady herself in many instances.

This Was the Limit.

The weight of all this stuff became a burden no longer to be borne, and an old writer says that in 1577, "many ladies of fortune and fashion, willing to set an example of prudence and economy to their inferiors, did invent and make public without patent a machine for the head in form of a postchaise and horse, and another imitating a chair and chairman, which were frequently worn by persons of distinction. These heads, which are made to bear a coach and six (for vehicles of this sort are very apt to crack the brain), so far act consistently as to make use of a post chaise or a single horse chaise with a beard perching in the middle. The vehicle itself is constructed of gold threads and is lined with six dapple grays of blown glass, with coachman, postilion and gentleman within, of the same brittle glass."

An old poet said of this monstrosity: "There, on a fair one's head-dress sparkling sticks, Sulfuric acid silver spikes, a shield and six. There, on a sprig or sloped pompadour, you see A chafed, sulky, chafe, or chafe."

Some women of nautical mind preferred ships to chaises, and bore round on their heads ships in full sail with flags flying. Two queens of England, Mary and Elizabeth, are responsible for women's wigs. It is said of Mary that "she wore a caul that was so massive and ponderous with gold and jewels that she was fain to bear up her head with her hand." Queen Elizabeth was so ugly that a wig or two more or less could not heighten her ugliness, but she had changes of hair for every set of jewels, her preference being for red. In her note book is described in her own hand the wig she wore following: "Item, one cawle of hair set with pearls in number xlii. Item, one cawle set with pearls of sundry sort and bigness, with seed pearls between them chevronwise, xlii. Item, a cawle with nine true loves of pearls and seven buttons of gold, in each button a rubie."

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It seems incredible that "her ladyship" would permit such a performance, though a woman who would be so lost to all sense of decency as to let her hair go uncombed and padded with wool and pomatum for four weeks would be somewhat dulled in nicety of perception.

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Wearing these wigs, and piling up the hair on "rats" and mice, keeping it there for weeks at a time, began to breed scalp diseases of most annoying kinds, and bald-headed women became quite common. That of course, drove the wigmaker into the head right out of style for all but men, who wore the wigs, even in this country, up into the early thirties.

This is generally speaking, a sensible age, however, and most women, excepting, of course, the ultra-fashionable, elect to wear what is becoming, regardless of the prevailing craze, and then

No matter what the mode, it's human. To like the style and love the woman.

ISABEL WORRELL BALL.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

With the blooming of the elder the woman who likes to gather her own store of staples against a day of possible need will do well to lay in a stock of the creamy white cymes for her home dispensary. Plucked while in fresh bloom and baked in cakes we have the Suabian so-called "little cakes," warranted a sure protection against fevers and aches. Served as fritters they make a dainty dish to set before the "king," whether fevers or not. To make these dainty novelties, pick while in fresh bloom, look over carefully to see that no intrusive insect is in hiding, and sprinkle with sugar, lemon juice and orange-flower water. Let the clusters stand an hour, then make a stiff batter, dip in the blossoms and drop by sprays in boiling fat—to cook a delicate brown. Purifying and refreshing, the fresh blossoms, picked when the dew is on them and simmered in rich, sweet cream make one of the choicest and most delicate of healing creams of ointments.

Elder vinegar is also medicinal and appetizing. Pack a wide-mouthed bottle with the blossoms and fill up with pure vinegar. Let the mixture stand for a week or two, weeks strain through flannel into smaller bottles.

In the interregnum between the passage of the mince, apple and pumpkin pie and the advent of the small fruits, custard, coconut and chocolate are the reigning favorites. An excellent rule for a custard, not pie calls for a pint of scalded milk, two heaping tablespoonsful of sugar, two eggs, a scant of cornstarch, and a lower crust only. When done, which can be told by slipping the point of a silver knife in the custard and the surface is browned, spread over the top a meringue made of the whites of the eggs beaten stiff with two teaspoonsful of sugar, and return to the oven until the surface is browned. If the oven is hot, allow the door to stand open to reduce the heat, as a meringue requires extremely slow baking.

A fowl prepared for roasting by a Japanese, a thing of beauty, as far as a dismantled bird can be. Carefully plucked, even to the head, and skillfully drawn, the thighs are then pushed back close to the body, the wings are tucked in, and the neck is drawn up and fastened to the body. The fowl is then roasted in a Japanese oven, and the result is a most delicious and healthy dish.

An expert laundress says that if sheets and tablecloths are folded so that the selvage edges will pass through the wringer first, they will be smoother and less likely to curl. She also sounds a note of caution against the habit of pouring boiling water on soiled clothes. "You know," she says, "if you submit anything that is soft to the action of the heat it will take it hard. Pour boiling water in the cake dish and it will cook the dough in it. So if you pour very hot water on the clothes it cooks the dirt in. If you are going to soak clothes, you will soak them in lukewarm water. I wash all the clothes in lukewarm water. In summer only little warmer than in winter from the faucet. Some people put all the clothes to soak—the clean and dirty together. This should never be done. It does seem quite nice to put table linen with soiled clothes from the bed or body, and moreover, the dirt from the soiled clothes will go to the clean ones and makes them grimy."

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crack, and be break by de frequent jolts to vich all ladies are so subjects, and dat two hour baking vill spoil de complexion and hurt de eyes. And as to his scandalous person dat my method breed de mite, I say it is false and malicious; and to make good vat I say, I do invite all gentlemen of quality to examine de hede of de countless (vich I had de honour to dress four weeks ago)—next at 12 o'clock through Monsieur Closen's great mikroscope, and see if dere are any mite dere, or oder thing like de mite vatever. N. B.—Any gentleman may smell her ladyship's head, sen he please."

It seems incredible that "her ladyship" would permit such a performance, though a woman who would be so lost to all sense of decency as to let her hair go uncombed and padded with wool and pomatum for four weeks would be somewhat dulled in nicety of perception.

A style of hair dressing that finds some favor consists of puffs piled on top of the head and topped with an egret. This was a popular mode sixty years and more ago. It is scarcely possible that it will expand to the ample proportions of that day again.

Two ostrich feathers, or an egret surrounded by three, in the high dressed hair is a favorite style just now. At the beginning of the century, two ostrich feathers were also the rage. They sometimes stood half a yard high, and others fully two yards long waved like a feather duster over my lady's fair face. An ancient picture shows a hairdresser on stilts arranging madam's coiffure.

The conventional knot is also worn, but

was forthcoming. Or, if dark locks were unbecomingly, and some damsels desired to match her old gold skin with yellow curls, she did not turn to peroxide, but to the wigmaker, who sent her the "head" beautifully made up, and warranted not to harbor "insects!" Twelve wigs of different colors of hair about filled the bill for the bride's trousseau, though the mode of fashion had as many as two or three dozen.

Wearing these wigs, and piling up the hair on "rats" and mice, keeping it there for weeks at a time, began to breed scalp diseases of most annoying kinds, and bald-headed women became quite common. That of course, drove the wigmaker into the head right out of style for all but men, who wore the wigs, even in this country, up into the early thirties.

This is generally speaking, a sensible age, however, and most women, excepting, of course, the ultra-fashionable, elect to wear what is becoming, regardless of the prevailing craze, and then

No matter what the mode, it's human. To like the style and love the woman.

ISABEL WORRELL BALL.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

With the blooming of the elder the woman who likes to gather her own store of staples against a day of possible need will do well to lay in a stock of the creamy white cymes for her home dispensary. Plucked while in fresh bloom and baked in cakes we have the Suabian so-called "little cakes," warranted a sure protection against fevers and aches. Served as fritters they make a dainty dish to set before the "king," whether fevers or not. To make these dainty novelties, pick while in fresh bloom, look over carefully to see that no intrusive insect is in hiding, and sprinkle with sugar, lemon juice and orange-flower water. Let the clusters stand an hour, then make a stiff batter, dip in the blossoms and drop by sprays in boiling fat—to cook a delicate brown. Purifying and refreshing, the fresh blossoms, picked when the dew is on them and simmered in rich, sweet cream make one of the choicest and most delicate of healing creams of ointments.

Elder vinegar is also medicinal and appetizing. Pack a wide-mouthed bottle with the blossoms and fill up with pure vinegar. Let the mixture stand for a week or two, weeks strain through flannel into smaller bottles.

In the interregnum between the passage of the mince, apple and pumpkin pie and the advent of the small fruits, custard, coconut and chocolate are the reigning favorites. An excellent rule for a custard, not pie calls for a pint of scalded milk, two heaping tablespoonsful of sugar, two eggs, a scant of cornstarch, and a lower crust only. When done, which can be told by slipping the point of a silver knife in the custard and the surface is browned, spread over the top a meringue made of the whites of the eggs beaten stiff with two teaspoonsful of sugar, and return to the oven until the surface is browned. If the oven is hot, allow the door to stand open to reduce the heat, as a meringue requires extremely slow baking.

A fowl prepared for roasting by a Japanese, a thing of beauty, as far as a dismantled bird can be. Carefully plucked, even to the head, and skillfully drawn, the thighs are then pushed back close to the body, the wings are tucked in,